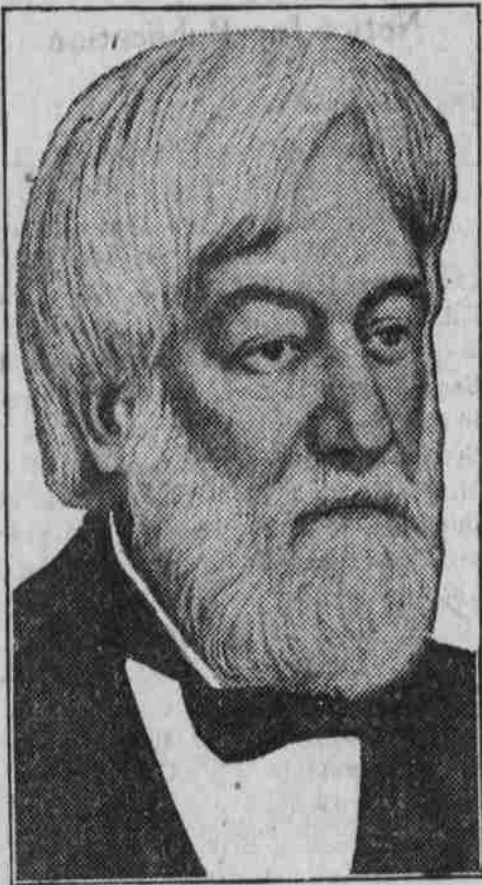


PASSING OF ONE-TIME CHILD-WIFE RECALLS CAREER OF CASSIUS M. CLAY

Strange Marriage of Aristocratic, Fire Eating Southern Abolitionist at Age of Ninety and Dora Richardson, the Thirteen-Year-Old Child of a Poor White Family, a Union That Caused a Siege at Clay Mansion.

Louisville, Ky.—It is more than ten years now since the name of Gen. Cassius M. Clay figured in the day's dispatches from Kentucky. We used to read of him in 1903 as an old man with a bushy white mane in a state of siege at his family mansion near Richmond, Ky., with faithful retainers, armed with guns, defending the



Gen. Cassius M. Clay.

besieged house against attacks by process servers and the curious public.

The name is only recalled to mind now by the dispatch the other day announcing the death of Dora Richardson, the erstwhile child wife of the aged warrior and statesman.

It was one of the strangest romances in history, that strange affinity between the old man, the aristocrat, scholar, diplomat and soldier, the scion of one of the proudest lines in America and the little, untutored, unkempt girl of a poor white family. He was ninety, she was thirteen. He was old enough to be her great-grandfather, yet he married her.

It was the old man's dream to take the untaught child, accustom her to the ways of culture, educate her, make her a fitting heir for his name and estate. He carried out his part of the plan, but the poor child could never accustom herself to her unusual surroundings. After she tired of the dolls and the other toys he bought her she pined for her own folks and, when he saw it was inevitable, Gen. Clay yielded gracefully, dowering her with some of the precious heirlooms of the Clay family and giving her a house. The girl, in turn, having married Riley Brock, a youth of her own station and age, named her first born Clay Brock.

And now her little day of fame is ended. Death has closed the most unusual romance of the old Blue Grass state. Finis is written. Gen. Clay was all but forgotten prior to 1903 when his marriage to the slip of a girl brought once more, into prominence the hero of a departed age. Now he will recede into history.

The events growing out of that marriage, the beleaguered state of his house, the opposition of his children, the sensations that developed were but recrudescences of the old time bellicose nature of the man who

fought with pen or bowie knife or tongue with equal facility. It was because he was a fighting man that the marriage with the child wife and the reluctance to be interviewed on the subject attracted attention.

Those were the days when faithful servitors of the old aristocrat guarded every approach to White Hall, the manor house of his estate at Richmond, Ky., with loaded guns; when the house itself was in a state of siege, guns bristling from its windows and sentries keeping incessant watch.

That impertinent curiosity of the public regarding his private affairs irritated the old fighter. The bitterness that arose between the doughty old general and his kinsfolk following his strange marriage aroused his animosity. He did not hesitate to fire on a couple of deputies who approached to serve a writ demanding furniture which belonged to his daughters. His Spartan spirit did not hesitate even to threaten to fire at his own son, when the latter would have made peace. He was of an implacable nature.

He was a fighting man born and bred and he died a fighting man, denying entrance to a physician, with his trusty bowie knife near his pillow and his guns within reach. The body of the old man might decay; his spirit nothing could quench.

A flood of memories comes with the mention of the death of the child wife of this fighting Kentuckian, memories that are now beginning to harden into formal history with the passing from the stage of the men who recall the day when the name Clay was a name to conjure with. In the halls of congress, in the secret chambers of diplomacy, on the battlefields of the country a Clay has

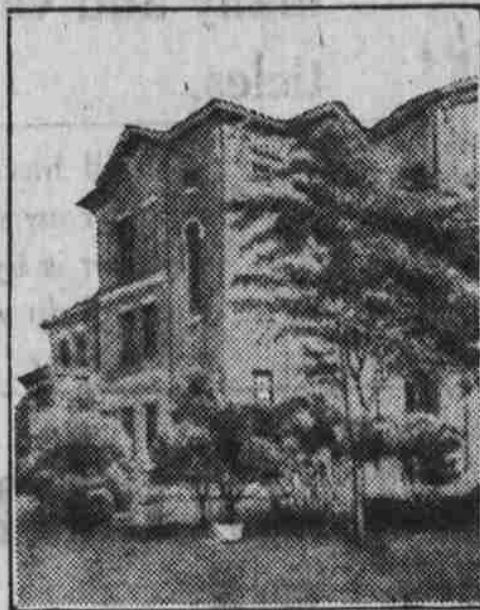


Dora Richardson, at Thirteen, When She Became Wife of General Clay.

ever made his influence felt. Ever since the country has been a country there has been a Clay to figure in its history. If there were no controversy to take part in a Clay would start one. And now the last of the family is gone—the last fighting member, for of the descendants of the general there has been none yet to break into print with bellicose threatnings.

To the old general it made little difference whether the fight were with drawn pens, with revolvers, broadswords, fists or guns. But perhaps he liked best the bowie knife. That was a Kentucky defense. Old Colonel Bowles had devised it. The long, keen blade, a certain weapon in the hands of a strong man, it was the common thing among those who resorted to brute strength. No story of hunter or outlaw was complete in the old Nick Carter days without the bowie knife. It is obsolete now, but it was the weapon General Clay knew; when his fingers gripped its hilt his own valor did the rest. He once stood off a dozen men in a hand-to-hand conflict, ripping them to ribbons with his bowie knife and a bowie knife it was that he kept near him as long as breath remained in his body, in that last warm fight with death.

A fight was natural for General Clay. He got his title for leading troops in the Mexican war. He used to say that no man could get political pre-



General Clay's Mansion.

ferment in Kentucky without a military title and that he went to war with that purpose in view. His Mexican campaigning days he endured with distinction.

His main fights, however, were in connection with slavery. He was one of the few southern abolitionists. To what fortuitous circumstance we owe it that he went to Yale college to complete the studies he had begun in Transylvania college does not appear. But he went. And when in New England he was deeply moved by the speeches of that prophet of abolition, William Lloyd Garrison. Champion of an unpopular cause, Garrison became a hero to young Clay. It may have been because the great abolitionist was with bravery putting up a losing fight that the Kentuckian admired him.

At all events when he went back among his Kentucky slave holding friends he went back an ardent abolitionist. Fearless espousal of that cause lost him the re-election to the state legislature in 1841. In '44 he stumped the North with all the impetuosity of his fiery nature for the election of his father's cousin, Henry Clay, to the presidency.

In a barricaded building, more resembling an arsenal than a printing office, in the city of Lexington on Kentucky's slave soil he issued in 1845 The True American, openly advocating anti-slavery.

And all but forgotten was he, had it not been for his strange marriage and his child wife, whose passing the other day revived memories.

Hurls Hot Soup at Customer.

Chicago.—After he had spoiled four eggs trying to carry out a customer's order to "fry one egg on one side and the other on the other side," Nicholas Grates, a waiter, hurled a bowl of hot soup at Charles Miller, the humorous customer, and was arrested.

Husband Called Her "Cave Woman."

Hoboken, N. J.—Because her husband called her an "ignorant mutt" and a "cave woman" when she objected to his singing, Mrs. Charles Albers seeks a separation.

TO REMEMBER WHEN IRONING

Matters of Consequence If One Would Do Good Work and Preserve the Clothes Handled.

First of all the irons must be immaculately clean and suited to the article to be ironed. Irons come now in all sizes, for all purposes.

Heat the irons slowly, but have them very hot before starting, even if they must be cooled later. Try them on a soft clean cloth.

The ironing sheet also must be clean. For fine lingerie cover the ordinary ironing sheet with thin material; for embroidery and lace use a Turkish towel, pinned tightly around the board. To stiffen articles slightly without starch rub them on the wrong side with warm water and borax.

To clean the irons if starch sticks rub them over fine emery paper, then with a little paraffin wrapped in muslin. If an iron becomes rusty scrub it with hot water and soap, then rub it very lightly with lard. Wipe it carefully with absorbent cotton to remove all traces of the lard.

Never allow irons to get red hot, as it takes the temper out. Do not put a hot iron in water to cool it; stand it on one side for a few minutes.

It is unwise to put irons directly over the gas flame, as it spoils the iron. In the absence of a special device for holding them use an asbestos mat.

When possible colored goods should be ironed on the wrong side, then pressed on the right. This brings out the coloring. All-wool underwear ought not to be ironed, as ironing causes it to shrink.

HASH MADE WITH SALT FISH

Something of a Novelty, and One of the Best of Dishes for a Light Lunch.

Cover one-half pound of salt fish with cold water, bring to a boil and drain. Do this three times. Cover again with cold water and boil until very tender. Pare six good sized potatoes and boil until soft. Drain. Add to the fish and chop together, not too fine. While the fish and potatoes are cooking cut two or three slices of fat pork. Put in a fry pan, cover the pork with cold water, bring to a scald and drain. Return to the pan and fry until a nice brown. This makes the pork crisp. Take the pork from the pan and put it where it will keep hot. Now put the chopped fish and potatoes into the pork fat and return to the fire. Cook until well blended with the fat, stirring lightly. When well heated through set back to cook slowly, running a knife around the sides and under the cake, which must be patted out nice and smooth and size of the pan, but do not stir again. When it is a nice rich brown on the under side fold it over, exactly like an omelet, and serve on a hot platter. Garnish with the fried pork cut in small strips. This is fine and is rich and hearty enough with a vegetable of some kind and a dessert for dinner.

Braised Veal.

Take a piece of shoulder weighing five pounds. Have bone removed and tie up meat to make it firm. Put piece of butter size of half an egg, together with a few shavings of onion, into a kettle and let get hot. Salt and pepper the veal and put into kettle, cover tightly and put over a medium fire until meat is brown on both sides, turning it occasionally. Then set kettle on back of stove where it will simmer slowly for about two and one-half hours. Before setting meat on back of stove see if the juice of the meat, together with the butter, makes gravy enough, and if not, add a little hot water. When gravy is cold it will be like jelly. Serve gravy hot with hot meat or cold with cold meat.